BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

No. 46.] SATURDAY. EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1817. [Vol. I.

"BORN TO NO MASTER, OF NO SECT ARE WE."

NOVEL DEPARTMENT.

BERTOLDO.

In the sixth century, king Alboino reigned over Lombardy, in his capital of Verona. At the same time there lived, in a small village in the neighborhood, a peasant called Bertoldo, of a strange and ludicrous appearance. His large head was round as a football, and garnished with short red hair;—he had two little blear eyes, fringed with scarlet; a flat broad nose; a mouth from ear to ear, and a person corresponding to the charms of his countenance.

But the deformity of Bertoldo's appearance was compensated by the acuteness and solidity of his understanding. His neighbors preferred his moral instructions to those of their pastor; he adjusted their differences more to their satisfaction, than the lord of the territory or the judge, and he made them laugh more heartily than the mountebanks, who occasionally passed through the village.

One day Bertoldo took a longing to see the court and capital. On entering Verona, he observed two women disputing in the street, about the property of a mirror, and followed them to the hall of audience, whither they were summoned to receive the judgment of the king, who had overheard their quarrel. The singularity of Bertoldo's figure, and his presumption in chusing a seat reserved for the chief courtiers, attracted the attention of the monarch, and his curiosity was further excited by the peculiarity of the answers he returned to the first questions of the king, concerning his situation, age and residence. His majesty, in consequence, persisted in a series of interrogatories; he asked which is the best wine? 'That which we drink at the expense of another. 'Who caresses us most? 'He who has already deceived us, or intends to do so.'

Bertoldo now listened to the pleading in the cause concerning the mirror. The king ordered it to be broken in two, and divided it between the disputants. She of the parties who opposed this arrangement, and prayed that it might be given entire to her adversary, had the whole bestowed on her. The courtiers applauded this happy application of Solomon; but Bertoldo pointed out those specialities of the case, from which he conceived that that decision ought not to be held as a precedent, and concluded with some satirical reflections on the fair sex, to which the king replied in a studied eulogium. These sarcasms, and a device by no means ingenious, to which he had recourse, in order to convince the king that his majesty entertained too favourable an opinion, induced the queen to avenge the injury offered to her sex. On pretence of rewarding Bertoldo, she sent for him to her apartments. 'What a ridiculous figure you are,' remarked her majesty. 'Such as it is,' replied Bertoldo, 'I have it from nature—I neither mend my shape nor counterfeit a complexion.' Perceiving that the queen, and the ladies who attended her, were provided with switches, and thence suspecting their hostile intentions, he informed them, that, being somewhat of a sorcerer, he was not only aware of their designs, but foresaw that she would give the first blow, who had not the least regard to her own and her husband's honour. Bertoldo escaped by this device the chastisement which the queen and her ladies had intended.

The drollery of Bertoldo excited the jealousy of Fagotti, who had been long the unrivalled buffoon of the court. The author relates a number of absurd questions which Fagotti put with the view of exposing his enemy, and the triumphant answers of our hero. 'How would you carry water in a seive?' 'I would wait till it was frozen.' 'When could you catch a hare without running?' 'When it is on the spit.'

About this time his old foes, the court ladies, insisted on admission into the councils of state. His majesty was somewhat embarrassed by the application, till, by the advice of Bertoldo, he appeared to acquiesce in the demand, and sent a box to the wife of the prime minister, desiring her to keep it in the garden till next day, when the ladies and ministers were to deliberate on its contents. The minister's wife opened it from curiosity, and the bird, which was enclosed, flew off. She thus demonstrated how ill qualified her sex was to be intrusted with secrets of state.

The ladies resolved to be revenged on Bertoldo for the disappointment they had sustained by his means. He was a second time summoned to the queen's apartment, but, before proceeding thither, he put two live hares in his pocket. On his way it was necessary to cross a court which was guarded by two moustrous dogs intentionally unchained. Bertoldo occupied their attention by setting loose the two hares, and, while the dogs were engaged in the chase, he arrived safe in the apartments of the queen to the utter mortification of her majesty and her attendants.

Perceiving that Bertoldo eluded all stratagem, the queen insisted that he should be hanged without further ceremony, to which the king readily consented. Our hero acceded to the proposal with less reluctance than could have been expected, but stipulated that he should be allowed to choose the tree on which he was to expiate his offences. He was accordingly sent forth escorted by the officers of justice and the executioner in order to make his election; but cavilled at every tree which was recommended to his notice. During the search, he made himself so agreeable to his guards, by his pleasant stories that they allowed him to escape, and he returned to his native village.

Her majesty repented of her cruelty, and, on being informed that Bertoldo was still alive, was the first to request that he might be recalled to court. With a good deal of difficulty he was persuaded to return, and was made a privy counsellor. Owing, however, to the change in his mode of life, he did not long survive his elevation.

MISCELLANY.

THOMAS PAINE.

The following is an extract of a letter received by Mr. William Dilwyn, of Walthamstow, Essex, from his daughter in America. The writer is of the most unquestionable respectability, and appears recently to have received the information stated in it from a person equally entitled to credit. The latter had resided in a family in the near neighbourhood of the celebrated Thomas Paine, who resided at Greenwich, near New York, and during his last illness had contributed to his comfort by occasionally preparing and sending him food and refreshments more adapted to his situation than he usually enjoyed. These the informant chose to be the bearer of (although his personal circumstances were so deplorable that the air of his chamber could scarcely be endured) to his bedside. In performing this humane office she had the opportunities of conversation with him which authorise the writer's belief that he exhibited another proof of Dr. Young's assertion, that "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." The letter proceeds to say, that she found him frequently writing, and believed from what she saw and heard, that, when his pain permitted, he was almost always so engaged, or in prayer, in the attitude of which she more than once saw him when he thought himself alone. One day he enquired if she had ever read the "*Age of Reason*," and on being answered in the affirmative desired to know her opinion of that book. She replied, she was but a child when she read it, and probably he would not like to know what she thought of it. Upon which he said, if old enough to read, she was capable of forming some opinion, and from her he expected a candid statement of what that opinion had been. She then said, she thought it the most dangerous insinuating book she had ever seen: that the more she read the more she wished to read, and the more she found her mind estranged from all that is good; and that from a conviction of its evil tendency she had burnt it, without knowing to whom it belonged. Paine replied to this, that he wished all who had read it had been as wise as she; and added, "If ever the devil had an agent on earth, I have been one." At another time when she was in his chamber, and the master of the family was sitting by his bed-side, one of Paine's former companions came in; but seeing them with him, hastily went out, drawing the door after him with violence, and saying, "Mr. Paine, you have lived like a man; I hope you will die like one." Upon which, Paine, turning to his principal visitor, said, "You see what miserable comforters I have." An unhappy female, who had accompanied him from France, lamented her sad fate, observing, "For this man I have given up my family and friends, my property and religion: judge, then, of my distress, when he tells me that the principles he has taught me will not bear me out!"

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PEDLAR.....*No. II.*

THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

The discourse is interesting. In yonder corner sits a son of the church; his countenance is calm and placid. No doubt the good man is wrapt in some pious and pleasing meditation. See! he nods; in approbation of the preacher, I suppose;—there is a pause in the sermon—he nods again. Can it be possible? The good man is asleep! Oh, how appropriately might his Lord and Master address him as he did his careless disciples of old—"Could ye not watch with me *one* hour?"

See yonder young lady with a countenance of the deepest deliberation. The preacher is exclaiming, "choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The poor girl seems to be in a great quandary; the vanities of the world and the beauties of religion are struggling in her mind for precedence. No! follow her wandering and thoughtful glances—yonder are two rivals in her affections; she is now as carefully as she is able, impartially weighing them in the scale of merit. The poor girl is nearly distracted; she can possess but one of them, and their merits are equal. One possesses a most enviable pair of whiskers, but has poor teeth, and a powerfully offensive breath. The other has no whiskers indeed, but a fine set of teeth, that emulate the whiteness and polish of ivory. One is uncouth and stammering in his utterance, yet is a most admirable dancer; the other, although his tongue "drops manna," seems to have been chiefly indebted to St. Vitus for his proficiency in the art of capering, and drives and tramples through the set without

judgment or discretion. Poor girl! equal are the merits of both, yet both she cannot have.

Yonder sits a confirmed and hardened infidel, at least, if ever a man was an infidel in reality. The preacher speaks of the mercy of God—he is unmoved; he tells of future ruin and misery—mingled with an unmanly sneer, the hardness of his heart spreads itself over his iron visage; yet a keen and discerning eye may discover through the veil of doubt and pride, a slight emotion that proceeds from a heart, continually assaulted by conviction, half doubting and half believing.

IMPUDENCE.

Who is yon maid, who comes with strut and stare,
Of manners free, and bold, undaunted air;
Who never checks the fulness of her tongue,
But gives it license, speaking right or wrong;
Who her own shame without remorse reveals,
And ne'er another's wickedness conceals,
Ready to give, and prompt to take offence?—
Unblushing, shameless, loathsome impudence.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie. BYRON.

How elegant, how expressive is the diction of some modern poets! How are we enraptured at the perusal of this pithy this *admirable* language! The man who could pen such a distich is worthy of canonization! The simple title of *lord* is too mean, too ignoble. *The bodies of our fathers may be deposited in the city, and ours in the country!* Oh, most pathetic truth! how every vowel vibrates on the ear! how quickens the heart's agonizing throb at each articulation! We are affected like the poor slave, whose child of seven years old, was buried five or six miles from the common cemetery, who exclaimed "Oh, what a walk at the day of judgment my poor Billy will have: when *he get* up and find himself all alone, and have to travel into town without a single companion."

Such is the consequence of a popular poet's expressing the most trifling fact, in language as common as a carman's. What is there in the foregoing quotation, that scarce deserves the reading? Whatever importance might be attached to the idea, does it not entirely originate from the character of the author, rather than from any beauty or brilliancy it possesses? Where is the man who could have expressed it in less polished terms, or given what some might consider an affecting thought, a more mock-pathetic garb than this? Oh! it is an outrage upon our reason to suffer every word that drops from a great man's quill, to excite such admiration, whether it be excellent or worthless. For what were we endowed with this discriminating stamp of immortality, but to exercise it upon every subject before our decision is made? Why do we become the dupes of a splendid fame, and conceive that nothing but vivifying streams can emanate from sources thus approved? An anonymous poet might fill your library with such numbers to moulder on the shelves for want of an annual airing; while the name of *Byron* gives currency to any trash he sees fit to try the duplicity of the public with. Thus, give but this passport to what you will, it goes for *sterling gold*. We are dazzled with beauties innumerable, we find no words, no phrases in our own vocabulary, which will possibly express our sentiments, but must garnish our humble prose with the all-embellishing strains of this literary idol.

It is time men should abandon these debasing habits of the mind, and exercise thought and judgment independently. Let not the fame of Byron or Shakspeare sanction and mark with infallibility whatever bears their name. They have both merited and received much applause; and the latter has fixed for perpetuity his name high on the roll of deserved renown; but it is our duty to scrutinize their sentiments, give full scope to inquiry, and see if every thing they have written will bear the test; determine for ourselves, as upon authors of minor grade, before we display as prodigies of beauty, what owes every charm it possesses to the habitual method of speaking of their works.

Shakspeare's transcendant genius has thrown a mantle around him, which is deemed too sacred to be even touched, and hence we venerate indiscriminately, whatever he has left behind him; but even Shakspeare, elevated and sublime as are most of his sentiments, has defiled some of his pages with the most corrupting thoughts and expressions.

Byron occupies a pinnacle that public favour has granted to his talents, at which many would think it sacrilege to aim the shafts of criticism; as though all must be snow that Alpine mountains crown. But no; let us award the meed of merit to whomever it is due, and withhold it from those, however exalted by rank or fame, who cannot justly claim it.

The FIRST* EDWIN.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SUPERFICIAL ACQUIREMENTS.

THE facilities that are given to literature, the general diffusion of learning, and the ease with which valuable books and magazines are obtained, render the present period of the world eminently fitted to the developement of genius, and a proper application of mental exertion. Literature, like our benevolent religion, is brought home to every man's door; but unhappily, as in the latter, heartless professions often usurp the place of its pure, redeeming spirit; so in the former, splendid decorations are too frequently crowned with the laurel, that belongs to cultivated talents and well-informed minds.

When we call in view the learned of former ages, and consider the numerous difficulties with which they contended, we are astonished at the gigantic monuments of their literary industry: but then, a single branch of science was selected by an individual, and occupied almost exclusive attention. After a whole life devoted to study, there was rarely discovered that assurance and dogmatism, which in modern days is often painfully witnessed in the beardless boy, who riots in the literary glory of his *alma mater*, and dreams of honors that shall mark his progress in life.

Ignorant parents, mistaking the interests of their dull favorites, make them the unfortunate victims of sullen disappointment, when a more discreet course might have rendered them reputable and worthy citizens. The temple of science can never be examined from its threshold, nor will nomenclatures form a decent substitute for principles. Whether we believe or not, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," yet it will be allowed, that superficial acquirements have too much displaced the valuable and solid branches of learning, and that the improvement of the mind is secondary to the splendor of useless attainments, and the decorations of fancy. To feeble and imbecile minds, these may form the summit of hope or become the only resort from mere listlessness. But with all our exertions we can never give to a particle of granite the brilliancy, strength or durability of the diamond; and however the plastic hand of art may fashion it, still it is but a rude imitation. Stupidity must ever retain its vacant visage, and if ever it throw off the name of dulness, it is only to take that of a coxcomb.

Moral and religious feeling is more endangered by a "smattering of learning," than by all the marshalled array of argument from the cavilling Bollingbroke down to the scurrilous Paine. The superficial inquirer almost invariably travels over the old beaten track of scepticism, and closes his labours in confirmed infidelity. Intoxicated with his limited attainments, he becomes confident and dogmatical: systems that are above his comprehension he declares ridiculous, and principles that conflict with his favorite scheme he pronounces absurd. His opinions are like the laws of the Medes and Persians; for it requires too much mental exertion to re-examine the grounds of his belief, and moral obligation would form a restraint upon licentiousness and "the tide of human passions." Self-will and pride, those prolific sources whence issue a lamentable catalogue of human miseries, as well in early as in maturer life, form the basis on which the latitudinarian builds "confirmation strong," and from which he throws the gauntlet of defiance.

The celebrity of Gibbon and Hume, however just as the reward of literary labours, cannot neutralize the poison of their infidelity; nor are its deleterious effects less fatal, although their insinuating address makes it more palatable. The popularity of Kotzebue and Byron, founded on the high-wrought tales of human suffering, that challenge a tear from the eye of sympathy, demonstrates the necessity of a vigilant guard upon our feelings, lest we make a sacrifice of principle. Although we may feel the indignation of Otto, let us not participate the feelings of a murderer; and when we commiserate the sufferings of a Corsair, let us remember he is still a pirate, and violates the laws of God and man.

The enchantment of fancy, novelty of opinion, boldness of imagery, sublimity of sentiment; these captivate the imagination, and suspicion sleeps while fiction triumphs over reason.

The characteristics of substantial acquirements and settled moral principle are not confident, boisterous and dictatorial; they are retiring quiet and unassuming. They receive no artificial gloss from the coruscations of witticism, but emit the steady light of truth. Whatever advantages the present possesses over former ages, still learning must be the result of patient investigation. A day is sufficient to make a confirmed pedant, but the life of man is not too long to form an accomplished scholar.

X. Z.

CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

Miss Rebecca Robinson,

DEAR MISS,

You have been so long and so deeply in the *books* of my heart, that I must beg that you will immediately *pay* or *secure* what is due to me in affection, otherwise I must shortly become a *bankrupt* in happiness, and have such a *statute* taken out against my *peace*, as will render it wholly impossible ever to *re-establish* myself in the shop of *tranquility*.

When I first *transcribed* your *account current* into the *journal* of my *regard*, you gave me a *bill* on *hope*, which I flattered myself would have been *duly honoured*; but I had the mortification of finding when it was *presented* for *acceptance*, that your *draft* was improperly *drawn*, *hope's house* had entirely *stopped payment*, and the *bill* after lying several days in the *bank of anxiety* was at last necessarily *protested*.

This being the *real state* of the transaction, I must repeat my request, that you will either *strike a balance* with me directly, or give me *good security* for a speedy *discharge* of my *demand*; I am this moment extremely *embarrassed* through your want of *punctuality*, and would not go on a single week longer in this distraction of my *affairs* for a *plum*. You know as well as any body the *regularity* which is required in *business*, and cannot be insensible if my *addresses* are *blown* on the *exchange* of love, I shall find it inconceivably difficult to hold up my head, and still more so to procure a *partner*.

As I believe you, therefore, to have a large *warehouse* of *honour*, though I have experienced you to be but slenderly *stocked* with *tenderness*, let me conjure you, therefore, at *sight* to answer this letter in the *needful*, your own *promissory* note; nay, even your I. O. U. will save me from *smashing*, and keep him from the *gazette* of despair, who is, dear Miss Becky, your faithful correspondent,

JONATHAN JENKINGS.

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* *The two first communications in the Magazine, signed* "EDWIN," *were by a different hand from him who now makes the* selections *under that signature; hence it is expected, if the gentleman is partial to that designation, he will in future add* junior or second *to it.*

TRANSLATED FROM LATE FRENCH PAPERS, FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A few days since the owner of a hundred paintings that had been advertised for sale, was called upon by an *amateur*, who after examining them with attention, enquired the price of them. The owner asked a hundred thousand francs for them; (about $20,000) the amateur, without exclaiming against the sum, observed that he did not want so large a number, but that he was disposed to purchase eighty of them provided he might be permitted to choose them. The owner thinking that the bargain could not be unfavourable to him, consented to the condition. The amateur sat aside the eighty pictures that he preferred, gave a bank note of 500 francs as earnest, and withdrew, observing that he should pay for and take away his pictures in the course of the next day. The next morning another amateur called and said that he came to see the hundred paintings that were for sale; he manifested great disappointment on learning that there were but twenty remaining, because the first purchaser could not have failed to choose the best. He consented however to see the pictures that the other had rejected, and although he found them very ordinary, and often exclaimed agalnst the perfidious talent with which the first purchaser had *scum* the richest and best, he offered ten thousand francs for them. After some little debate, the other bargain was concluded, the 10,000 francs paid and the 20 pictures immediately taken away. Highly satisfied was the seller. Anxiety however was not long wanting to disturb his joy. The first amateur, the earnest man, did not make his appearance; that day, the next, and the day after passed without hearing of him. Now, are you curious to know who he was? He was an able picture broker, a rogue by profession, who had taken care to reject the 20 best paintings, which his companion, another rogue, had immediately came and bought for merely nothing.

A caution to people too credulous, who sell or purchase pictures without possessing a knowledge of them, and without knowing that many picture dealers can give lessons of roguery even to jockeys.

AGRICULTURE.

The following method of cultivation is recommended to farmers, by which land intended to be planted with potatoes may be made to produce three crops.—

Lay out the ground into alleys of sunflowers and beans; each alley or furrow should be four feet wide. The sunflowers should be planted eight feet apart along the furrows, and a few beans with each seed; the beans will run on and support themselves by the stalk of the sunflower. The whole will afford the potatoes a slight shade which is favourable to them. A hundred and ten perches thus disposed, will contain a thousand stalks of sunflowers, each of which produce about two pounds of seed; this grain will serve like barley or oats, as nutriment for cattle and poultry; it furnishes a good eating oil, and the seed after expression can be given to cows, swine, or poultry. Sheep will eat the leaves of the sunflower;—goats and rabbits are extremely fond of them, as also of the disks when deprived of their seed. The stalks will serve as brushwood and make excellent ashes. Fields that are cultivated in this manner will be found to produce potatoes even more abundantly than others.

SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

I have lost my lamb, exclaimed a farmer as he sat weeping on a stone. And was it all thou hadst? Alas, answered he, my flocks whiten the distant hill; but I shall no more lead them to the uplands in the winter, or drive them to the vales in the summer; they will see their master no more; another's voice must call them to their pastures, and other hands must make their fold at evening, for I have lost my lamb and my strength fails me. Gentle stranger, if I breathe my last in your presence, suffer not my flesh to feed the ravens, but let the turf cover me, and may heaven in its mercy shield the heart of my poor devoted child from knowing that her misfortunes and disgrace have broken the heart of her father. It is then a daughter whom thou hast lost, it is a dear child whom thou seekest. Alas, alas! indeed, said the farmer, the flower of the valley was not so fair, nor the honey-suckle sweet, nor the dove more innocent, than Phillis; nor, continued he, elevating his voice, the wolf more savage, than the monster who bore her away from me; but he is rich—these plains call him master, and I have nought but curses to help me;—my son died as he was fighting for his country, or the spoiler of her innocence should have felt the vigor of his arm—he should have revenged a sister's wrongs; but I am weak and can only call on heaven to revenge me; to its eternal justice I resign my cause, and if these should be my last words ——and they were, indeed, for his venerable form sunk down on the stone; and I called the villagers to bear his corpse to the cottage.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The annual Visitation by the School Committee and municipality of the town, took place on Wednesday last, and the exhibitions were such as to do much credit to the industry and application of the pupils, as well as honour to the respective instructors. Some specimens of penmanship were produced which would have been worthy of a *Milne*. The correct enunciation of the readers, and the ready answers of those examined in Grammar, Geography, &c. deserve, as they received, much praise. The Latin Grammar School was distinguished by performances,—among which were an original salutatory oration, a poem and valedictory oration, in English, besides several Greek and Latin productions,—that approached near in excellence to those of our first seminaries.

The Governour, Lt. Governour, and Council, together with the clergy of the town, and several distinguished officers and strangers, honoured the Schools with their presence; and in the afternoon partook of an excellent dinner, provided by Mr. Forster, of Concert Hall, at the *Cradle of Liberty*; where literature no less than independence, receives the attention and encouragement of our townsmen. The pupils who had distinguished themselves, and received the Franklin medal, dined with the company.

The following among other toasts, were given on the occasion:—

Massachusetts.—The Corinthian *Column*, whose pride is its *capital*

Our Supreme Executive.—The Sword and the Bible—may the *former* never be drawn but under the sanction of the *latter*.

Boston, the Land of Notions.—May we be indulgent to the notions of others, but *never give up* the notion of supporting public schools.

Our Fathers of New-England.—Where are they? They live in our bosoms, and in the institutions they have founded.

Our distinguished Fellow-Citizen—John Quincy Adams.

ON HONOR.

Honor resembles the eye; it cannot suffer the smallest impurity, without being entirely affected. It is a precious stone; the least defect in which diminishes its value. It is a treasure which if once unfortunately lost, can never be regained. Honor is to this life, what salvation is to the next. The latter can only be acquired by great pains, and the former can only be preserved by the greatest delicacy. The wise man preserves it as a resource in the misfortunes which may befall him; whereas the foolish man pledges it at every moment for nothing. A body without a soul is a carcase, and a man without honor is a dead body, from which every one turns with disgust.

Honor is in itself so entire, that it can bear no diminution in any of its parts, without totally disappearing.—We therefore cannot see a man dishonourable by halves. Honor and life, placed in a balance, are found to be of equal weight; but as soon as honor is taken from the one scale, the other kicks the beam.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 23, 1817.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A large Sea Serpent has appeared in the harbor of Gloucester (C. Ann) for some time. Of the various accounts which are given of him, we have selected the following from the Daily Advertiser:—Gentlemen who have been at Gloucester, and attended to the accounts of those who have seen him at different times and at different situations, think there can be no doubt, that the animal is a serpent, in kind; that he is at least eighty, and more probably an hundred feet long, and nearly of the size of a flour barrel, at the largest place. He does not wind laterally along, as serpents commonly do, but his motion is undulatory, or consisting in alternate rising and depression, somewhat like the motion of a caterpillar. Mr. Johnson, a young man who went in a boat to visit a vessel in the harbour on Sunday, in the dusk of the evening, came very near to him before he discovered him, so that he might have reached him with his oar. He was quite still and appeared to be reposing. He was round and smooth, and had nothing like bunches. His head, though in its front it is circular, is not flat like a common serpent's, but the top is elevated, prominent and round, and owing to this latter circumstance, a side view of his head a little resembles that of a dog's. Captain Beach who appears to have examined him very often, and sometimes in favurable situations, says his head is the size of a common bucket. He has seen him with his mouth open, his under jaw and teeth like a shark's. his head round, with apparently very thick scales, and its whole appearance very terrific. Credible persons aver, that they have seen him swimming into the harbor with great speed. holding his head eight feet above the water. More often he moves along with his head under water, shewing the line of his back. or with his head immediately above the surface. He appears to be round with large scales, which, when he contracts his folds, give a rigid appearance to his back; but when he extends himself the scales inclose, and do not prevent his appearing smooth. His general colour is dark brown; his head dark brown, intermixed with white.

Yesterday morning, the Serpent was seen off Kettle Island, between Manchester and Cape Ann—he was following and feasting on a large school of alewives.

The Salem Register of today, says—"We understand a party will set out this morning in pursuit of the serpent, from Marblehead."

General Count Lavallette, whose escape from prison excited so much interest, both in Europe and America, has arrived at New York.

The farewell dinner was given at Free Masons' Tavern, London, to J. P. Kemble, Esq. on the 27th June. Lord Holland was in the chair. The party was large and splendid.

Mr. Kean, the celebrated tragedian, was in Dublin at the last dates, where he was engaged to perform twelve nights for *four thousand dollars* and a clear benefit. This is no proof of poverty in Dublin.

Mr. Caldwell is about to open the theatre at Alexandria as Manager.

Fire.—The house of Mr. William Jackson, in Shanandoah County, Virginia, was destroyed by fire on the 26th July last. It is with much regret we have to add, that Mr. Jackson and two of his daughters fell victims to the flames; Mrs. Jackson and the other six children were fortunately rescued.

On Sunday evening, a barn belonging to Mr. N. Jacobs of Scituate, was struck with lightning, and together with its contents (hay and grain) entirely consumed.

At Chelsea, on Thursday, a young man wounded himself so severely by the accidental discharge of a gun, that it was found necessary to amputate one of his legs.

A Public Dinner will be given, on Tuesday next, to the Hon. John Q. Adams, at the Exchange Coffee-House.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Rev. Benjamin Franklin Farnsworth, of Edenton, (N. C.) to Miss Julia Ann Cushing—Isaac W. Goodrich, mer. to Miss Catharine Jennings—Mr. Silas Babcock, to Miss Nancy Stearns—Mr. Simon J. S. Stoddard, to Miss Ruth Noyes.

This morning, by the Rev. Mr. Lowell, Mr. William Greenough, to Miss Sarah Gardner, both of this town.

In NewYork, on the 6th inst. Mr. John Parker, a native of England, to Miss Sarah Maria Worrall, of this town.

DEATHS.

In this town, Abigail Bradish, child of Mr. Gardner H. Rand, aged seven months—Worham, youngest son of Mr. Worham Priest, aged 1 year—Robert Lash, youngest child of Mr. Isaac Harris, aged 17 months.—Thomas, only son of Mr. William Symmes, aged 18 months.—Mrs. Sarah Taintor, aged 30.—This morning, Capt. James B. Marston.

At Dorchester, Miss Jane L. Inglee, second daughter of Capt. Moses Inglee, aged 18.

At Charlestown, (S. C.) on the evening of the 6th inst. Right Reverend Nathaniel Bowen, D. D. Bishop of the Episcopal Church and Diocese of South Carolina, aged 41.

POETRY.

(ORIGINAL.)

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

STANZAS TO IMAGINATION.

Busy phantom! gay deceiver!—
Giddy offspring of the brain!
Momentary light reliever
Of my aching bosom's pain.

When my heart 's opprest with sorrow,
Sunk in sad despondent care;
Then the brightest form thou'lt borrow,
And in gayest robes appear.

Thou wilt gild my clouded morning
With the sun-beams fairest ray,
Every shade with light adorning
Bid it brighten into day.

When my tears are sadly flowing
For a distant, absent friend,
Then in vivid colours glowing
Thy enchanting form thou'lt lend.

Soft thou'lt paint them near me smiling,
Soon I hear the wish'd for sound,
Their lov'd accents, care beguiling,
Bid my heart with joy rebound.

Now they're with me sweetly breathing
Friendship's strains of fond delight,
Bliss her fairest garlands wreathing
Bursts upon my ravish'd sight.

Then stern *memory* awaking
Wrests from me the golden gleam;
Swift thy form, the scene forsaking,
Bears away the blissful dream.

Why art thou forever fleeting,
Borne along on restless wing,
Why thy numbers wild repeating
On such ever varying string?

Yet, not always pleasure giving,
Sometimes thou art wrapt in gloom;
In despair's dark shades oft grieving,
Mournful as the silent tomb.

Then though bright the day-beam 's shining
Thou canst paint them black as night,
Chains of sorrow closely joining
Bid their links the soul affright.

Twilight thou canst turn to horror,
Worse than deep oblivion's shade;
Thou canst bid the fiends of terror
Wield despair's new flaming blade.

Thou art pain, and thou art pleasure,
Sweet's thy smile, but dark thy frown;
Now a torment, now a treasure,
Fear's grim shield, and hope's bright crown.

Shall I hate or shall I love thee,
Art thou weal, or art thou woe;
Which, Inconstant, shall I prove thee,
Soothing friend, or cruel foe.

In the bow'rs of hope, sweet, smiling,
Brightly now thy glances play;
All my bosom's cares beguiling
With thy soul-enchanting ray.

Shades again thy beauties veiling
Wrap thee now in sable folds;
All thy smiles are turn'd to wailing,
Nought but grief mine eye beholds.

Busy changeling; fair illusion;
Compound strange of joy and woe;
Peaceful calm, yet wild confusion,
I must hate and love thee too. MORA.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

When in death my body's sleeping,
Mingling dust with dust again;
Mary—bless me with thy weeping,
On my grave one fond tear rain.

Soon, ah, soon, I'll drop earth's cov'ring;
Hope no longer holds me here;
Then my spirit, round thee hov'ring,
Will repay thee for thy tear.

Oh, I'll guard thy couch, my Mary,
Hover o'er thy pillow'd head,
When the gloom of night surrounds thee,
When dark lurking mischiefs spread.

When thy breast with grief is swelling,
I'll partake thy aching woe;
Or in bliss thy heart is thrilling,
With thee share its raptures too. J. R.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Written while at anchor in Kingston harbour, lake Ontario—on hearing from several Canadian Boats entering from the St. Lawrence their usual Songs.

Hark! o'er the Lake's unruffled wave,
A distant, solemn chaunt is sped:
Is it some requiem at the grave?
Some last kind honour to the dead?
'Tis silent all—again begun!
It is the wearied boatman's lay,
That hails alike the rising sun,
And his last, soft, departing ray.

Forth from yon island's dusky side
The train of batteaux now appear,
And onward as they slowly glide,
More loud their chorus greets the ear.
But ah the charm that distance gave,
When first in solemn sounds their song
Crept softly o'er the limpid wave,
Is lost in notes full loud and strong.

"Row brothers, Row," with songs of joy,
For now in view a port appears;
No rapids here our course annoy,
No hidden rocks excite our fears.
Be this sweet night to slumber giv'n,
And when the morning lights the wave,
We'll give our matin songs to heav'n,
Our course to bless, our lives to save.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

To the Memory of Miss JANE L. INGLEE, *Aged* 18.

Poet's have told, and Minstrels oft have sung,
What beauty deck'd, what virtues grac'd the fair;
And when inurn'd, the tear of anguish wrung,
From those who knew not—felt no interest there.

With powerful skill they swept their magic lyres,
And rous'd each dormant feeling of the breast;
And with the language deep-ton'd grief inspires,
They touch'd the chord—bade nature do the rest.

But here let thrilling silence reign supreme;
Strike not the lyre to wake the bleeding heart;
This picture needs no aid from "fancy's dream,"
No aid, elicited by web-wove art.

Here sweetness lies, and radiant beauty sleeps;
Cut off in youthful day, in all its bloom!
Who then can blame, if friends and kindred weep,
And moisten with their tears the hallow'd tomb?

But dry those tears, hush ev'ry grief to rest;
For though the grave this beauteous form secures,
Her spirit soars in mansions of the blest,
Where soon a happy meeting shall be yours. P.

On a Touchy Gentleman, saying to one in Company, "Come! Give us a Joke."

"Give us a joke," you say:
How sadly you mistake!
Why ask for that, I pray,
You have not sense to take?

AMUSEMENT.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

Three or four young ladies being in company with two gentlemen, one of whom could talk, the other not,—engaged in conversation of rather a light kind, blended with a smile now and then at the dumb *beau*, who sat playing with his watch-chain, thinking himself the most important personage there:—one of them, addressing him, presumed the conversation was very *edifying* to him—was answered, "Oh, not at all; I like to hear it very well!"

At a late dinner party, when a pudding was brought on the table, a gentleman of the party, on being asked if he would be helped to a piece, replied, "No, I thank you—my mother would never allow me to eat pudding, for as she said, it makes people *silly*." "Pray sir," said one of the guests, have you always *obeyed your mother?*"

DAUGHTER OF THEMISTOCLES.

The daughter of Themistocles had two lovers; the one a coxcomb, and the other an honest man. The first was rich, the second poor. He took the honest man for his son in law, for, said he, I had rather have a man that wants wealth, than wealth that wants a man.

Capt. N——, who arrived in Boston about the year 1790, when going up the wharf, ordered an Irishman to throw over the *buoy*. Going below for a few moments, he called to his Irish servant, to know whether he had done it:—"May it plase your honor," said he, "I couldn't catch the *boy*, but I threw over the *Old Cook*."

None fight with true spirit, who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards was applied to, to act as a second in a duel, at a period, when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," said he, "the man for your purpose, just at present, but go and apply to him from whom I won a thousand guineas last night; I warrant you he will fight like any devil."

ANCIENT FAMILY.

Speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his *ancient* family:—"So much the worse for you," said the peasant, "as we ploughmen say, the older the seed, the worse the crop."

"Uncle Sam."—This expression, which originated during the war from the initials "U. S." on the soldiers' knapsacks, has come into general use. The Indians of the west, from hearing it often used, having imbibed the idea that it is actually the name of the President; and while at Sackett's Harbour, a considerable number of them crowded round him, as they expressed it, "to shake hands with *Uncle Sam*."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The great length of the reply to Mr. Bray's last letter, and the late hour at which it was received, have necessarily deferred it to our next.

We acknowledge the receipt of "*Romeo*" on the Influence of Female Affections, and other Communications.

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